No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt hee owes to you,
Euen with the bloody paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

*Wor.* Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret Booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Currant roring lowd
On the vnſteadfull footing of a ſpeare.

*Hot.* If hee fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rouze a Lion, then to ſtart a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By Heauen, mee thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac't fellowſhip.

*Wor.* Hee apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the forme of what hee ſhould attend;
Good Couſin giue mee audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.
By God hee ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, hee ſhall not,

Ile



Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſayd he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when hee lies aſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, ile haue a Starling ſhall bee taught no ſp
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you, Couſin, a word.

*Hot.* All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſcha
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of A

*Wor.* Farewell Kinſman, ile talke to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a Waſp-tongue and impa
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine ow

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcou
Nettled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the plac
A plague vpon it, it is in *Gloſterſhire*;
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnkle k
His vnkle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my kn
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*
Zblood, when you and he came backe from R

*Nor.* At *Barkely* Caſtle.

Why what a candy deale of courteſie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Couſin:

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